For ſhe is wiſe, if *I* can iudge of her,
and faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
and true ſhe is, as ſhe hath proou'd herſelfe:
And therefore like herſelfe, wiſe, faire, and true,
ſhall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule. Enter *Ieſſica.*
What, art thou come, on gentleman, away,
our masking mates by this time for vs ſtay. *Exit.*
Enter *Anthonio.*

An. VVhoſe there?
Gra. Signior *Anthonio?*
Anth. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the reſt?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maske to night, the wind is come about
Baſſanio preſently will goe aboord,
I haue ſent twentie out to ſeeke for you.
Gra. I am glad ont, I deſire no more delight
then to be vnderſaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*
Enter *Portia* with *Morrocho* and both
theyr traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the curtaines and diſcouer
the ſeuerall caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.
Mor. This firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire.
The ſecond ſiluer, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if *I* doe chooſe the right?
Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
if you chooſe that, then *I* am yours withall.
Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me ſee,
I will ſuruay th'inſcriptions, back againe,
What ſaies this leaden casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath,
Muſt giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all

doe